

GOLD
KEY

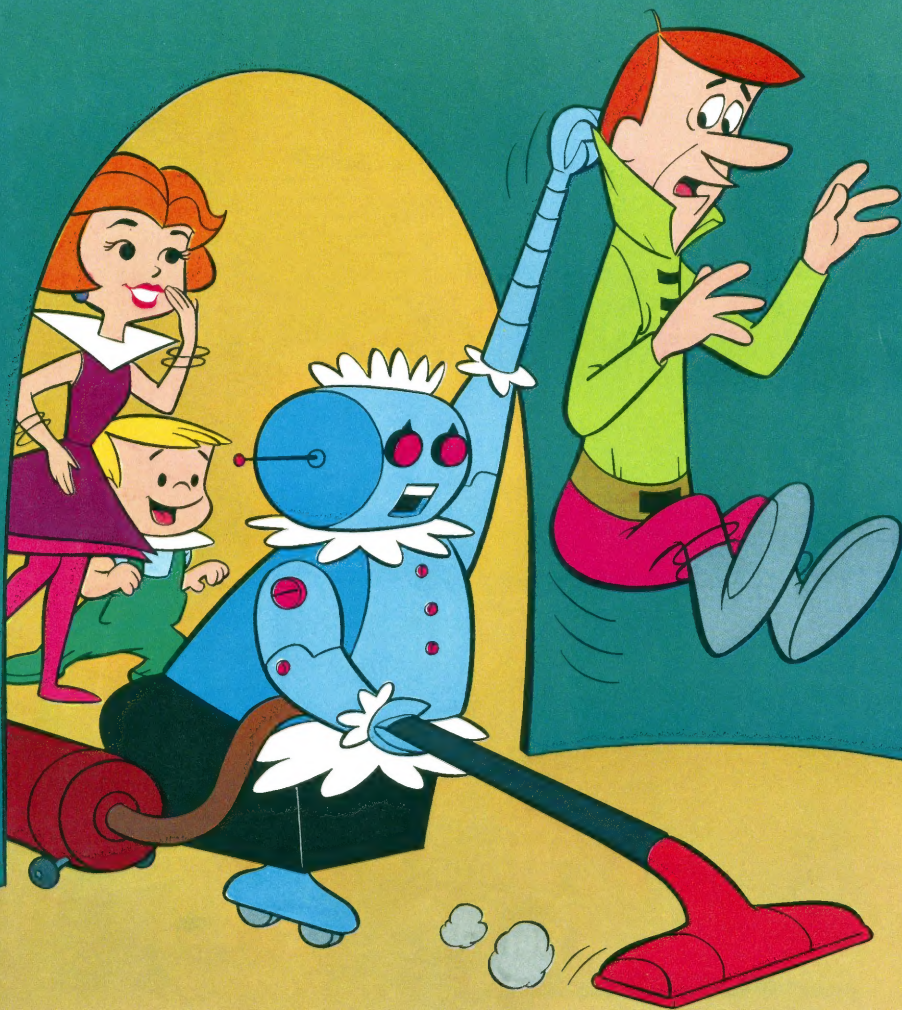
THE JETSONS

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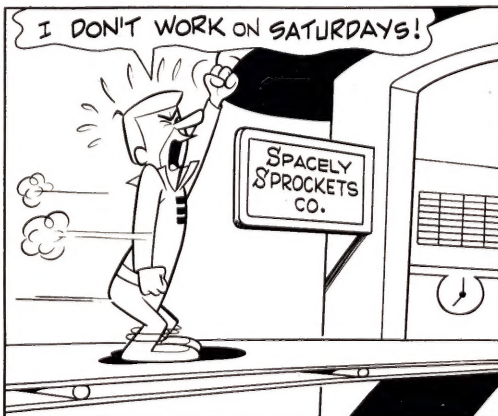
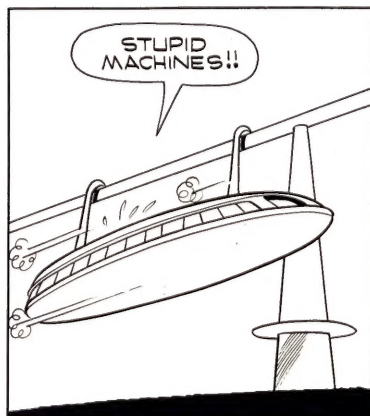
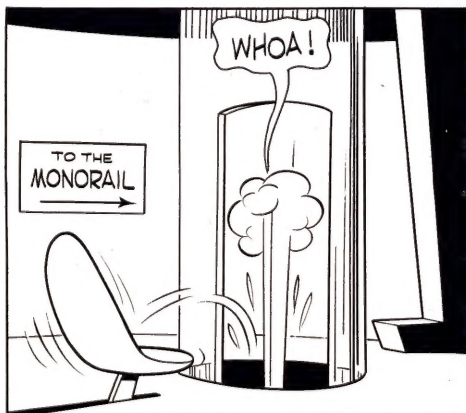
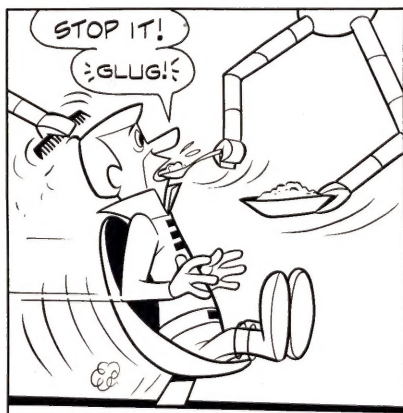
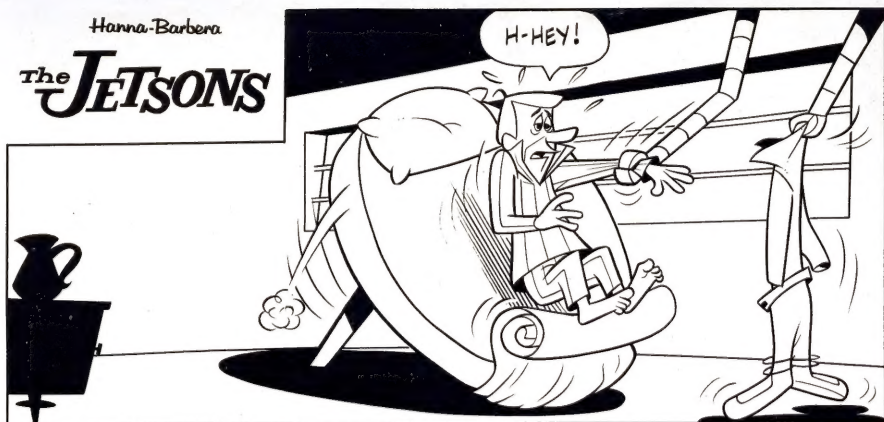
HANNA-BARBERA

The JETSONS

10041-608
JUNE



Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS



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The JETSONS

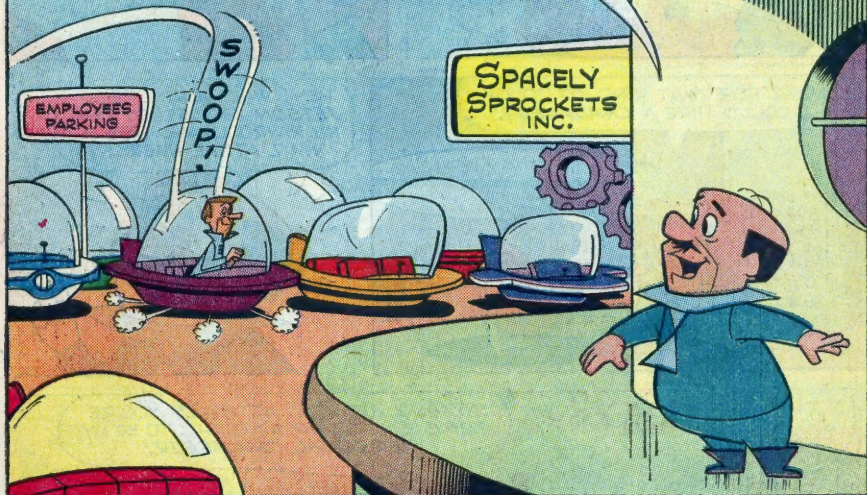
The JET JOCKEY

TIME: 8:15 MONDAY
MORNING. PLACE:
SPACELY SPROCKETS,
INC., PARKING LOT.

LOOK AT THAT GEORGE JETSON
SIDESLIP HIS SPACE CAR INTO
THAT LITTLE PARKING PLACE...
SLICK AS A WHISTLE!

SPACELY
SPROCKETS
INC.

EMPLOYEES
PARKING



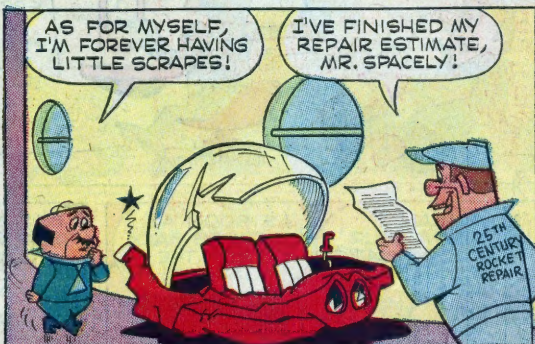
HE JUST SEEMS TO
HAVE A NATURAL KNACK
FOR JET JOCKEYING!



10091-606
JETSONS 92-145

AS FOR MYSELF,
I'M FOREVER HAVING
LITTLE SCRAPERES!

I'VE FINISHED MY
REPAIR ESTIMATE,
MR. SPACELY!

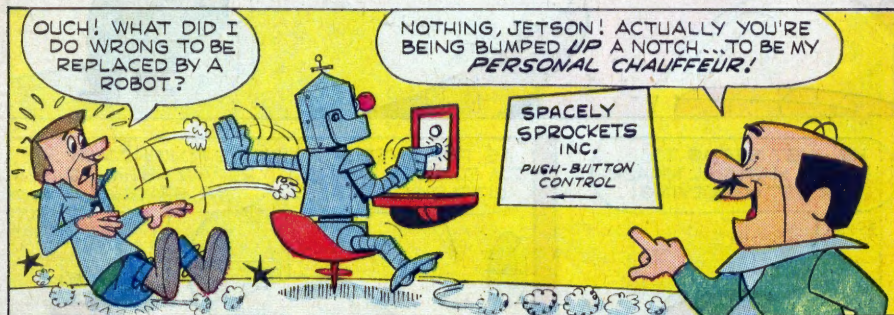
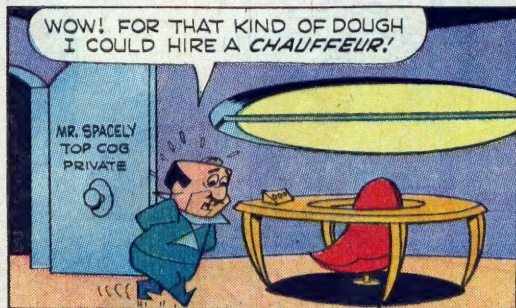


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AND SO, BRIGHT AND EARLY
THE NEXT MORNING...

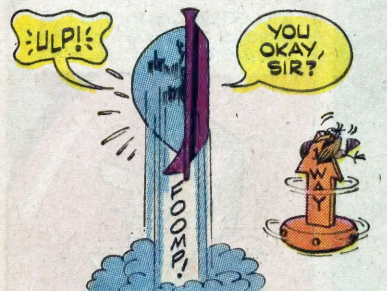
YOU HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT A
RELIEF THIS IS
FOR ME, GEORGE!

HOLD ON, SIR!
I'M GOING TO
CLIMB RAPIDLY
INTO THE LUNAR
EXPRESSWAY!



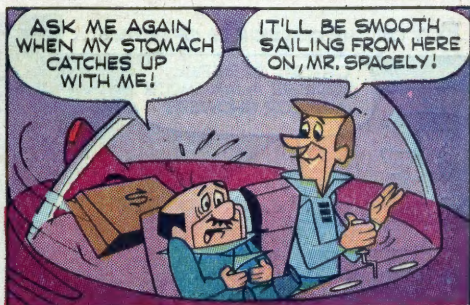
UPL!

YOU
OKAY,
SIR?



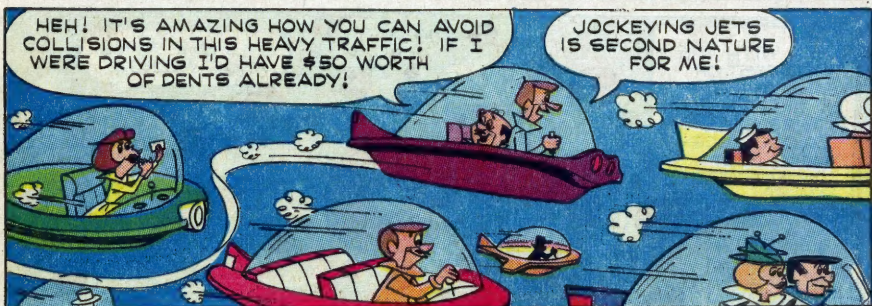
ASK ME AGAIN
WHEN MY STOMACH
CATCHES UP
WITH ME!

IT'LL BE SMOOTH
SAILING FROM HERE
ON, MR. SPACELY!



HEH! IT'S AMAZING HOW YOU CAN AVOID
COLLISIONS IN THIS HEAVY TRAFFIC! IF I
WERE DRIVING I'D HAVE \$50 WORTH
OF DENTS ALREADY!

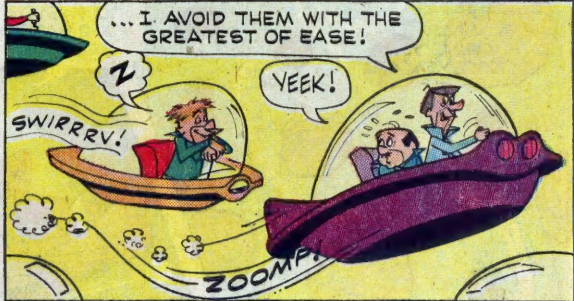
JOCKEYING JETS
IS SECOND NATURE
FOR ME!

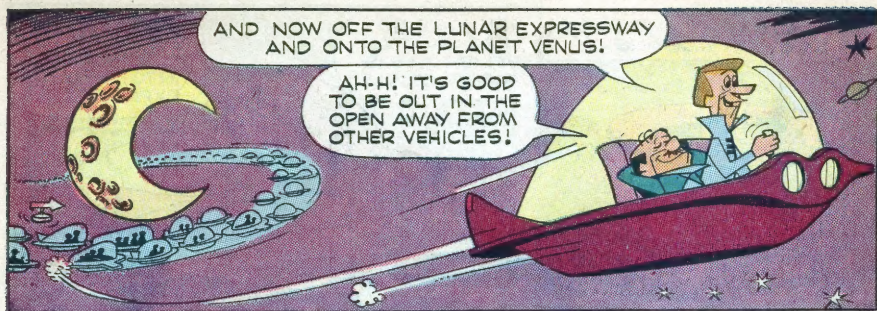


...EVEN WHEN OTHER
DRIVERS GOOF...

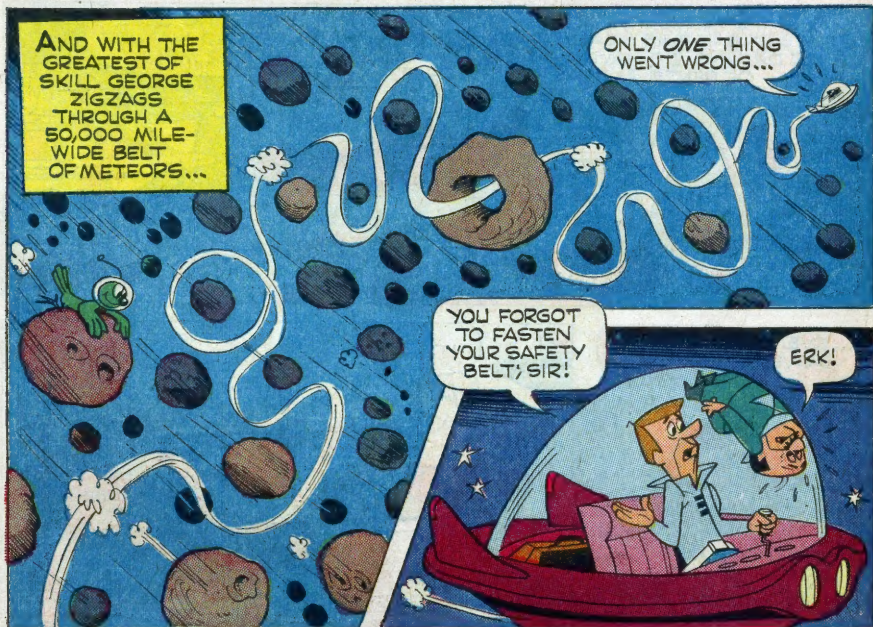


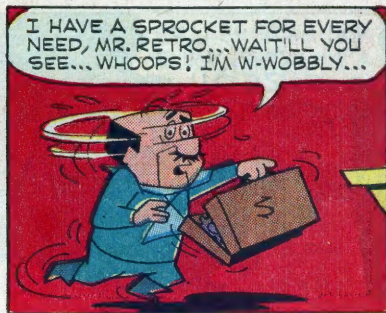
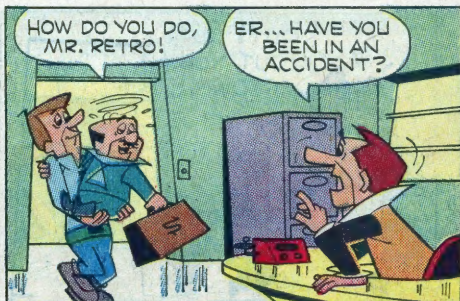
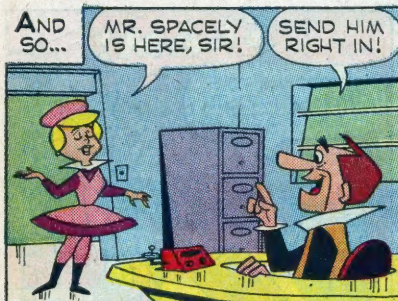
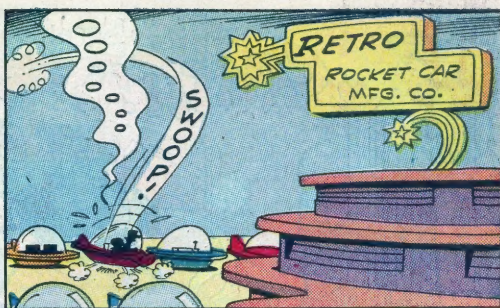
...I. AVOID THEM WITH THE
GREATEST OF EASE!

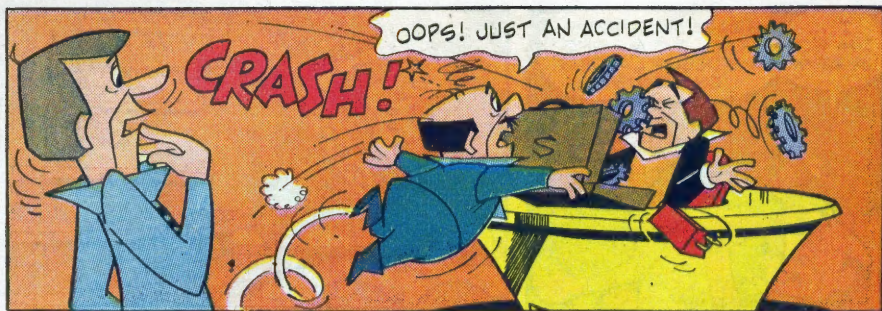


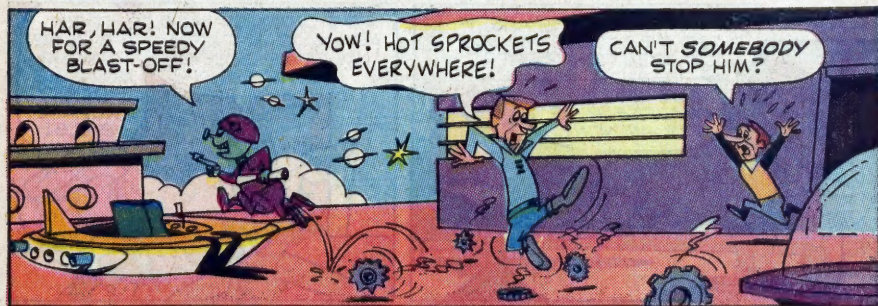


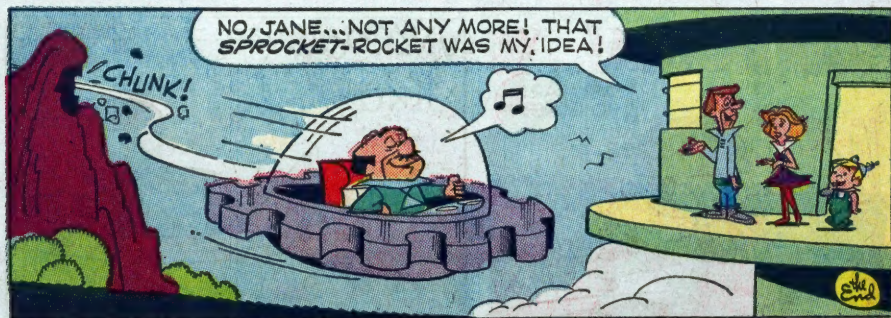
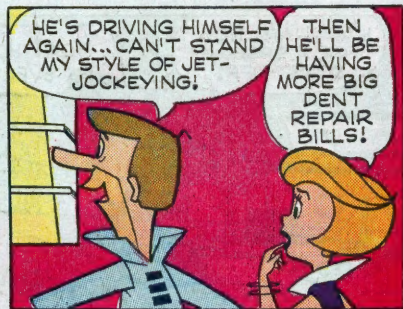
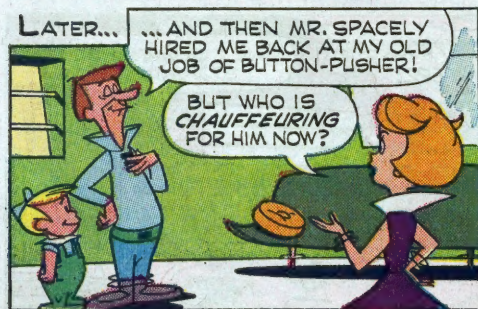
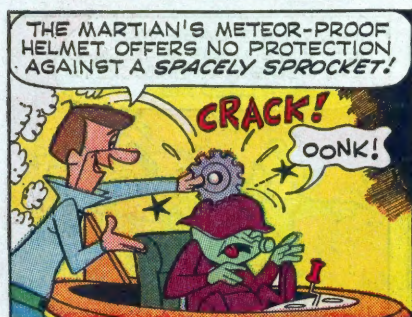
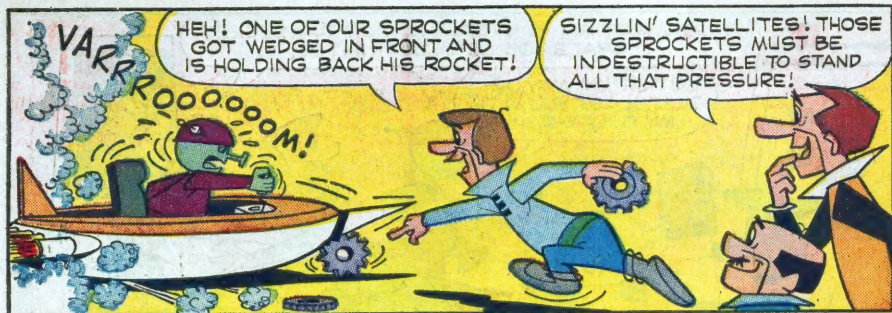
BUT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF VENUS...







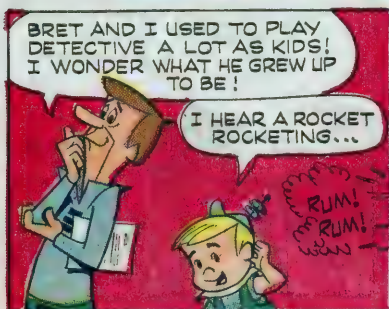
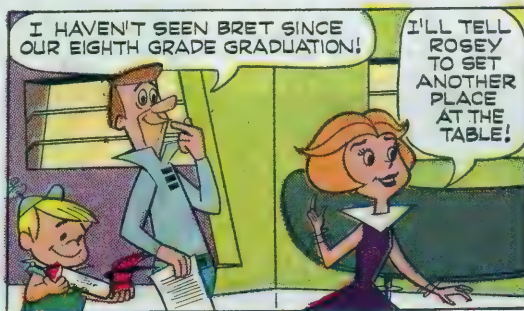
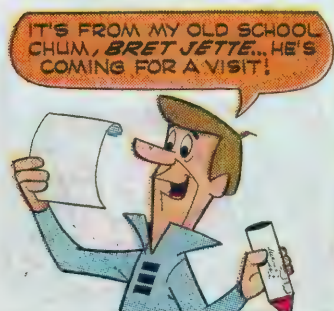


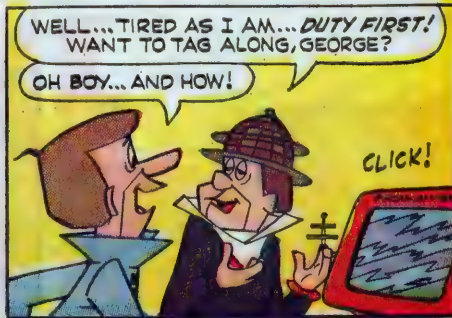
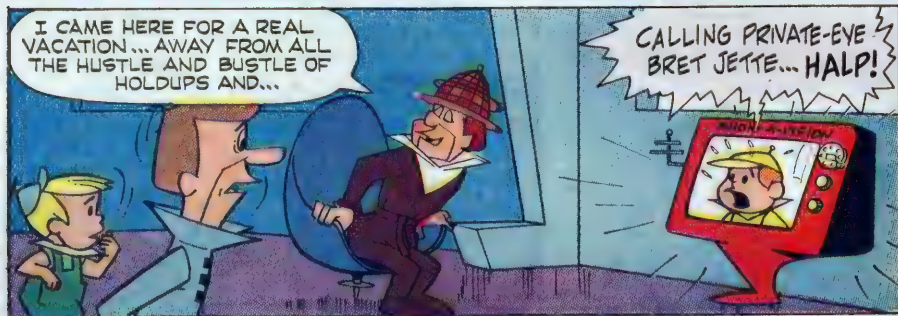
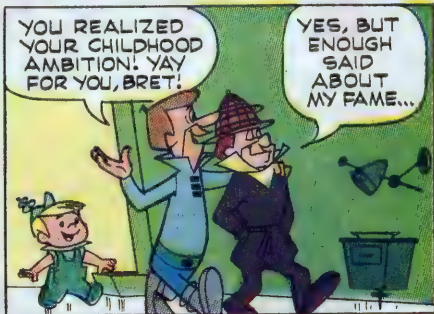
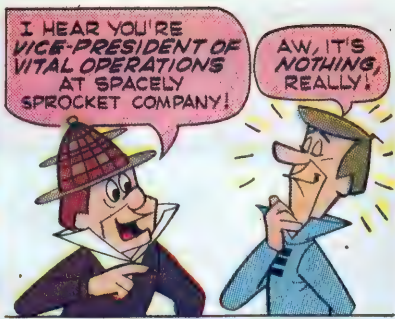
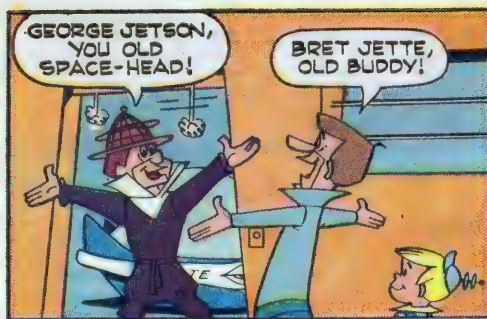


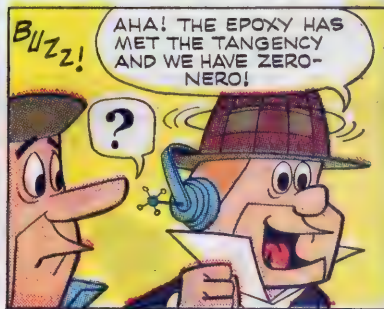
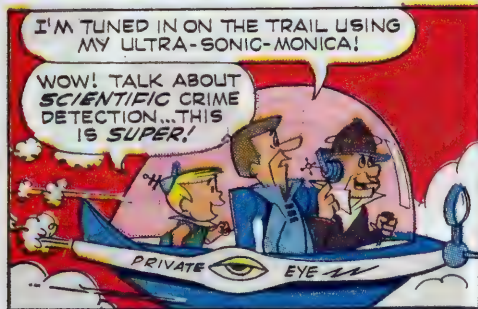
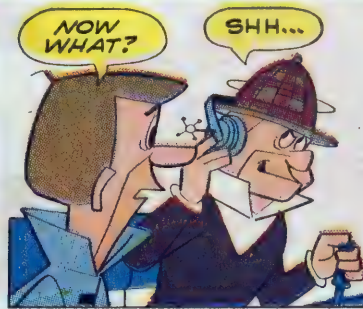
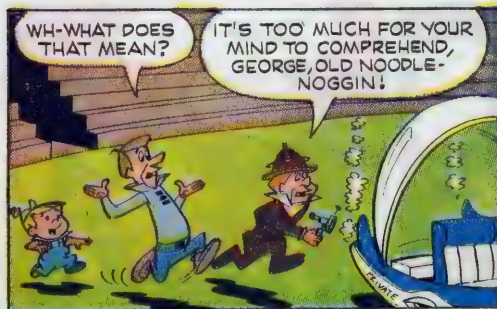
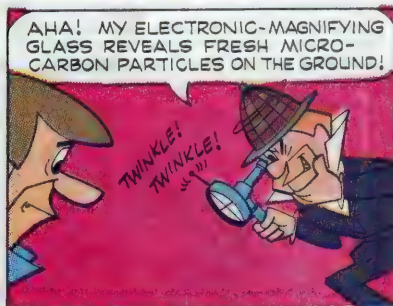
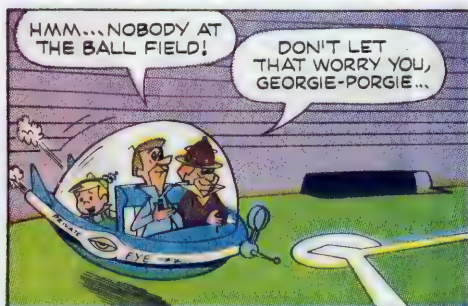
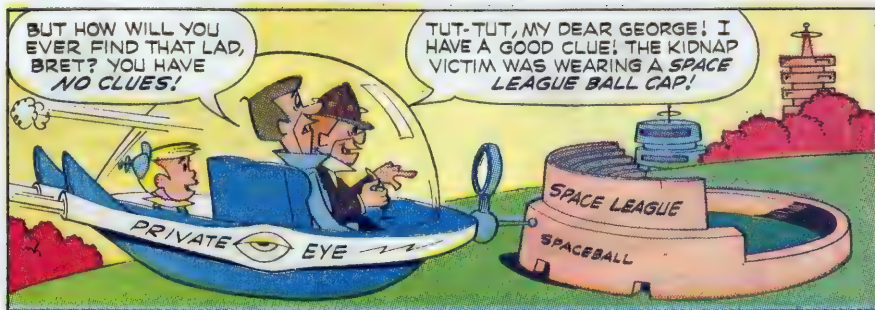
Hanna
Barbera

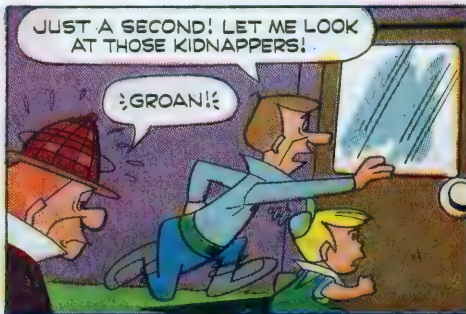
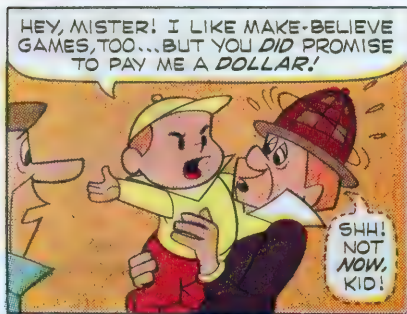
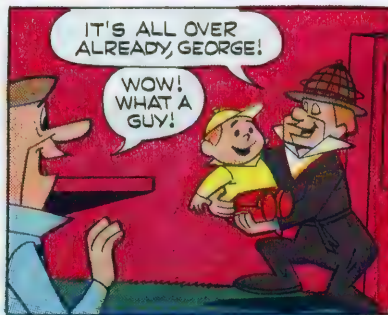
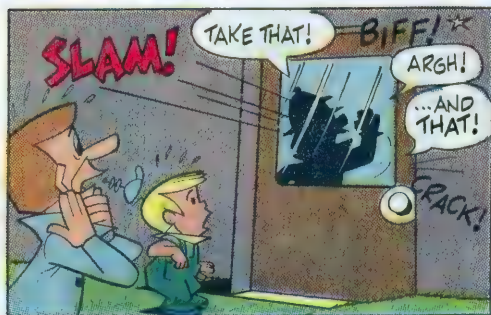
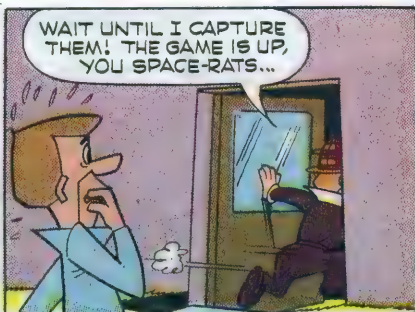
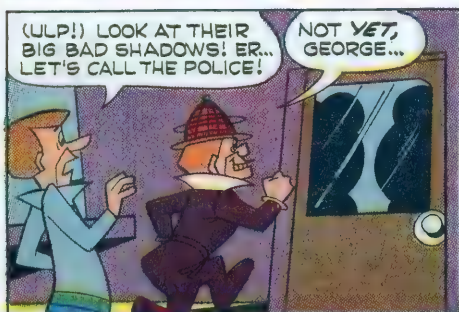
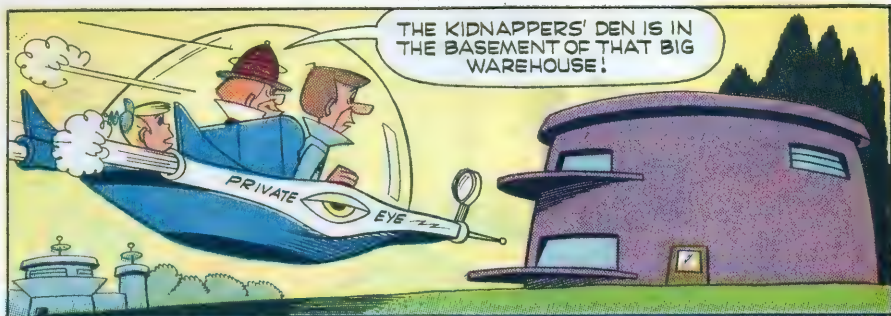
The **JETSONS**

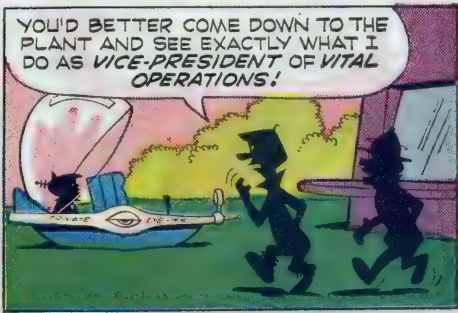
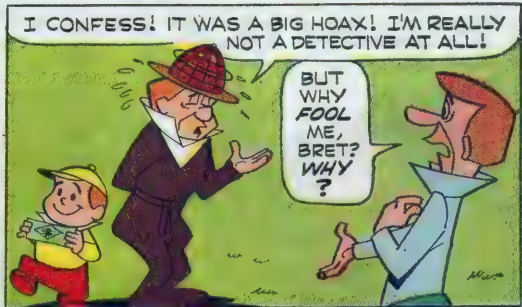
A BIG CASE OF SUPER SLEUTHING

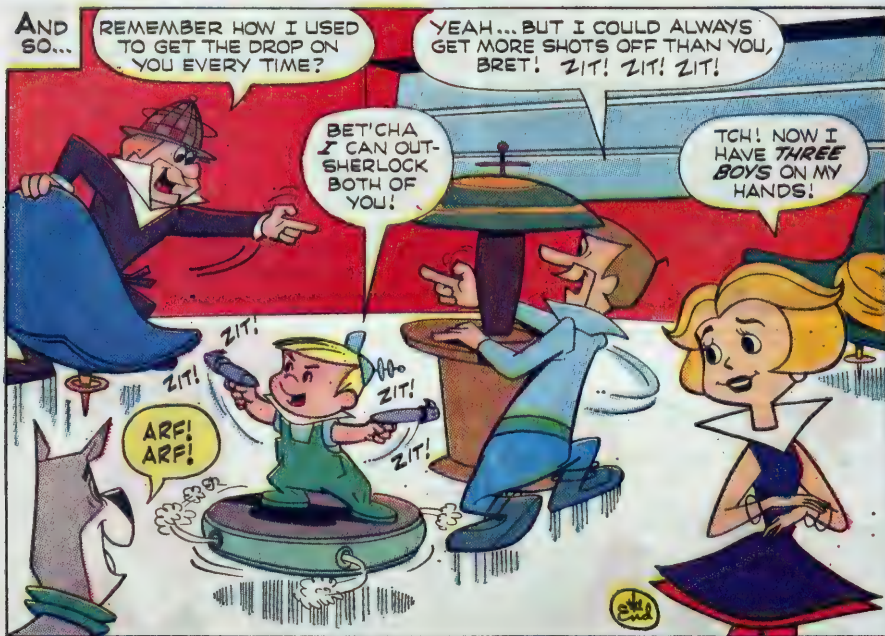
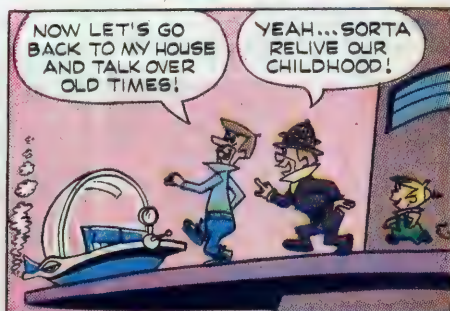
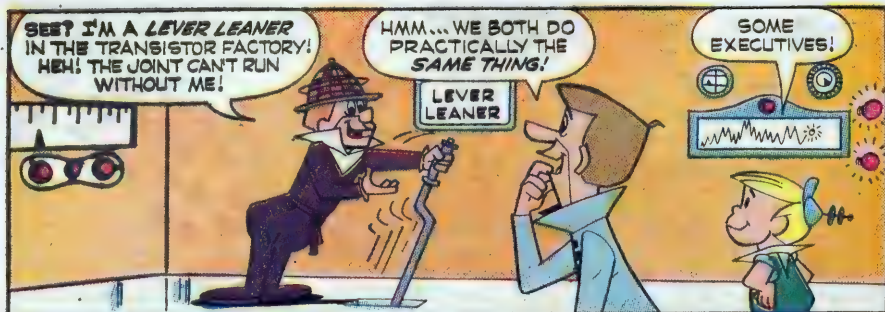












HOSPITABLE HOSTS



"Nobody ever comes to visit us any more," sighed Goonda, gazing out the window. "It's been at least two hundred years since anybody has come to call on us!"

J. Evil Scientist approached his wife. "That is true," he remarked. "And I can't imagine why! I think I am the soul of hospitality! Why should anybody avoid us?"

"I don't know," answered Goonda. "Why if I had any feelings, they'd be hurt!"

"It could be we haven't been hospitable enough!" mused J. Evil. "So, the next time anyone drops in, we'll really show them a good time — display real hospitality!"

J. Evil did not know it, but he was going to get a chance to prove his good intentions real soon; for at that moment a very strange saucer-shaped object drifted from the sky and landed in his front yard. A door slid open and two little green men emerged.

"Careful, Zyxuv!" said one, cautiously. "We are on an exploratory mission just to determine if earthlings are weak enough for us to take over. So, play it cool, man!"

"Roger, and over!" replied Zyxuv. "How'm I doing with this earth talk, Abcra baby? Think I'll pass for an earthling?"

"No doubt about it, but don't overdo the bit, man!" said Abcra.

They went to J. Evil's front door and rang the bell. J. Evil answered the door.

"Pardon the intrusion, dad," said Abcra,

"but we're tired, hungry, and thirsty and would like to know where's the nearest pad where we can cool it a bit, eat, and maybe catch a few hours of Winksville."

"Look no further, friends!" said J. Evil delightedly. "My pad, er, home is yours! Do come in! Come in!"

Zyxuv winked at Abcra. "So far so good!" he whispered. "Earthlings are trusting and weak! We should have no trouble with them!"

"Sit down, friends," J. Evil said, leading the way inside. "Make yourselves comfortable while my wife, Goonda, fixes you a little snack to ease your hunger!"

Abcra and Zyxuv sat down on a couch that J. Evil offered to them. But a moment later they let out a yell and jumped about ten feet in the air!

J. Evil looked puzzled. "Perhaps that nail-studded couch is too comfortable," he said. "Maybe you would prefer to use those two electrified chairs!"

"N-no thanks!" replied Zyxuv. "If you do not mind, we'd just as soon stand!"

Goonda came in, carrying a tray. "Here are some snacks, gentlemen. I think you will like them," she said.

Zyxuv took something off the tray, asking hesitantly, "Wh-what is this?"

"Candied bat wings!" replied Goonda. "My specialty! And you must try the fricassee tarantulas! Delicious, if I do say so."

Zyxuv turned even greener than he was. "Er, no thanks! I've suddenly lost my appetite!" he gulped.

"Me too!" echoed Abcra. "And I just remembered an important appointment we have in outer space. Right, Zyxuv?"

"Roger, and over!" said Zyxuv. "Let's cut out, man!"

Hurrying to the space ship, Zyxuv said, "I want nothing more to do with earthlings, none of them! They're too far out!"

"You can say that again, Zyxuv baby! You can say that again!" agreed Abcra, as their space ship took off.

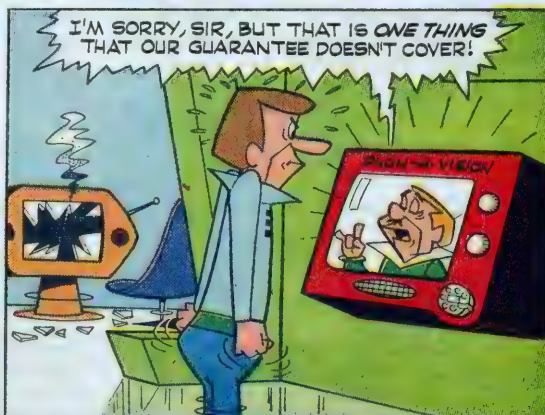
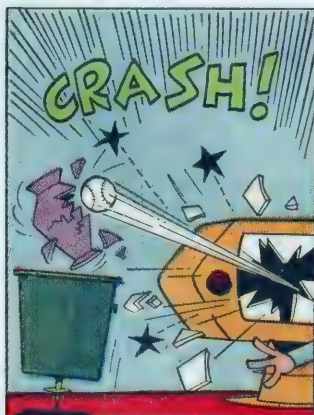
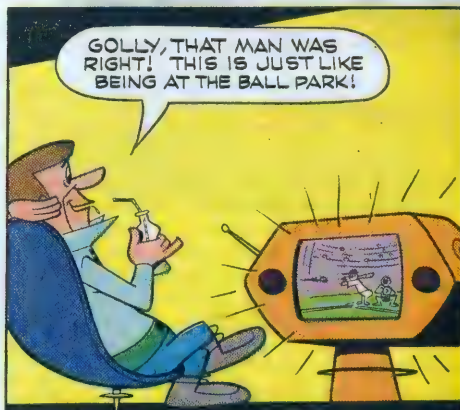
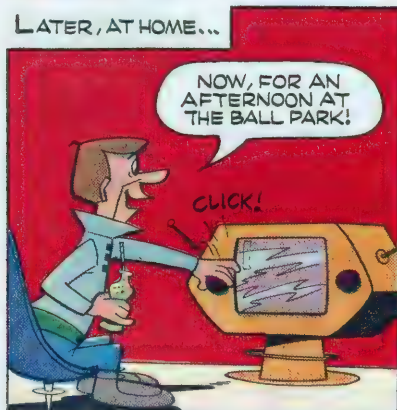
In the house, Goonda sighed, "I wonder why they left in such a hurry?"

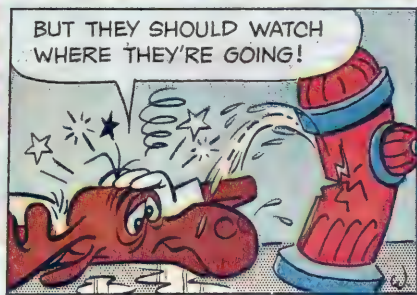
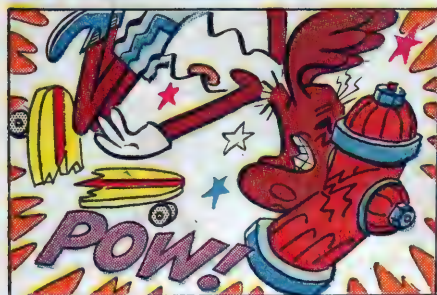
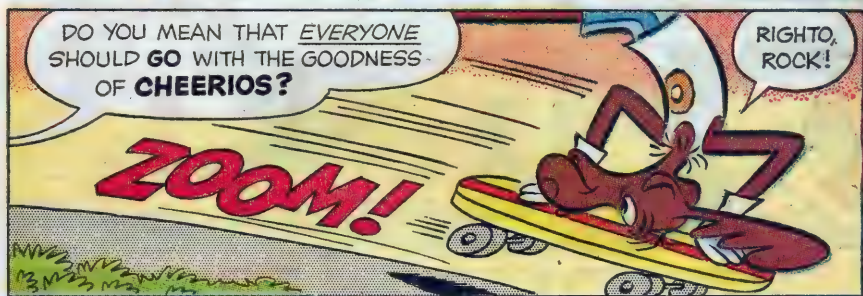
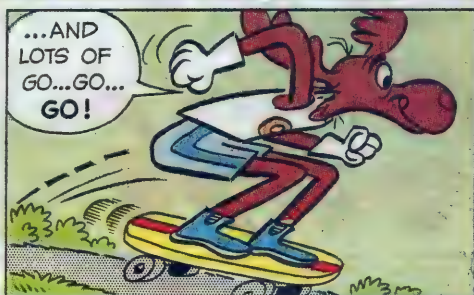
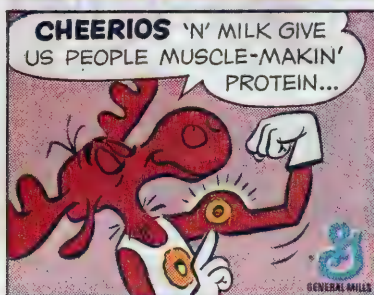
"We probably overwhelmed them with our hospitality — poor creatures! They just couldn't take it!" replied J. Evil. "But who cares? Now I can have all these delicious bat wings! My favorite dish!"

Hanna-Barbara
The JETSONS



LATER, AT HOME...



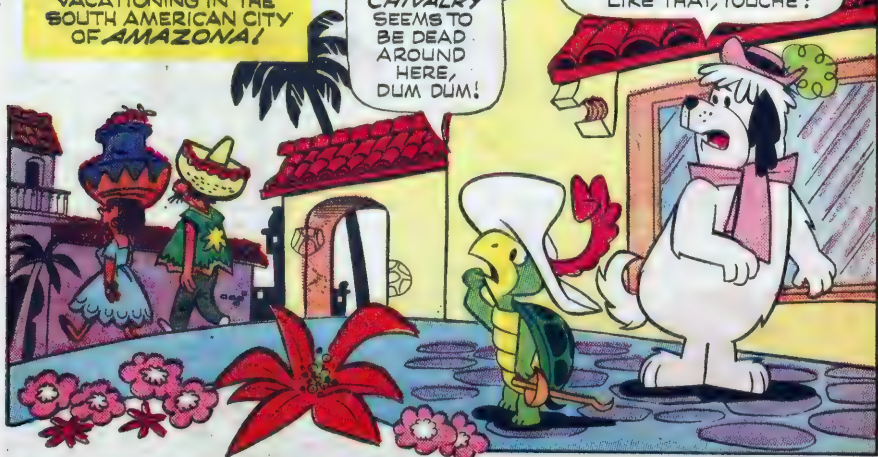


Hanna-Barbera **TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM**
SOUTH OF THE BORDER BOO-BOO

TOUCHÉ TURTLE AND DUM DUM ARE VACATIONING IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN CITY OF AMAZONA!

TCH-TCH!
 CHIVALRY
 SEEMS TO
 BE DEAD
 AROUND
 HERE,
 DUM DUM!

AW... WHO WOULD KILL
 A NICE FANCY WORD
 LIKE THAT, TOUCHÉ?



THE MEN DO IT ALL THE
 TIME! THEY DON'T ACT
 GENTLEMANLY AND
 HELP THE LADIES!



LIKE SOME CHIVALROUS
 GENT OUGHT TO PLACE HIS
 COAT ON THAT PUDDLE
 SO THE SEÑORITA CAN
 STEP ACROSS ON IT!



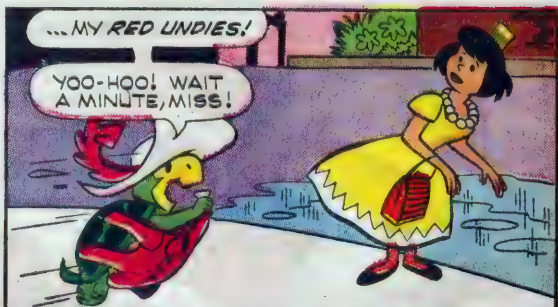
WE COULD,
 TOUCHÉ, BUT
 WE DON'T OWN
 A COAT!

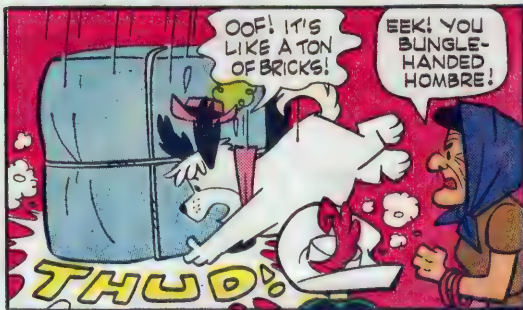
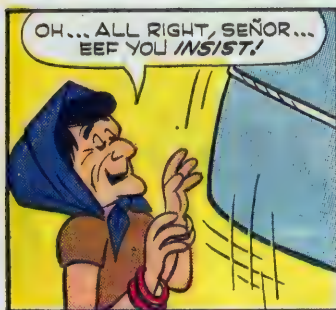
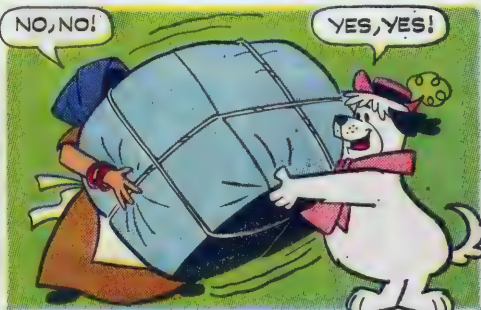
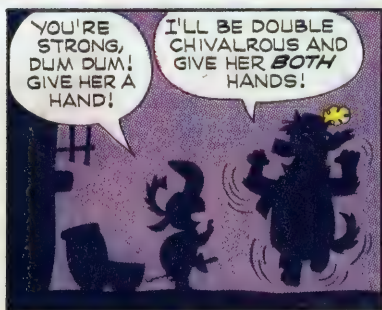
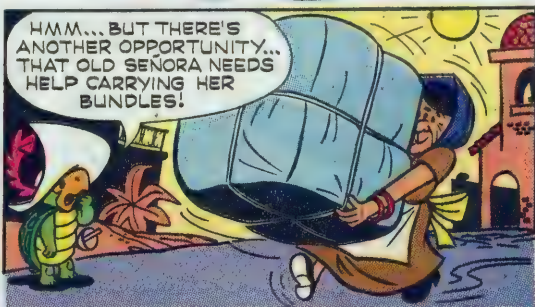
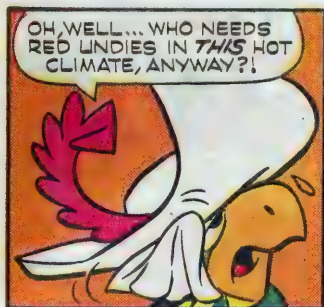
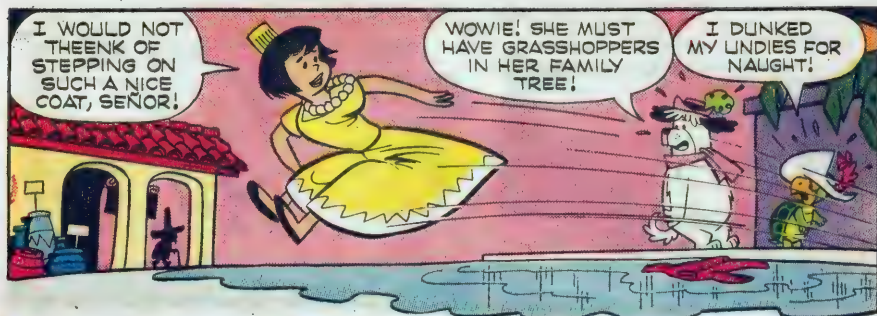
I HAVE
 SOMETHING
 ALMOST
 AS GOOD...

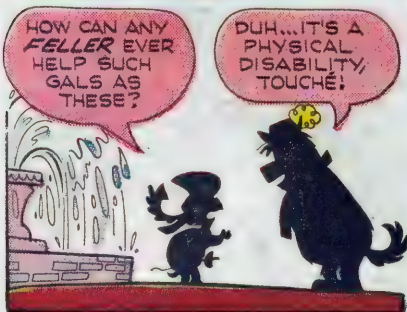
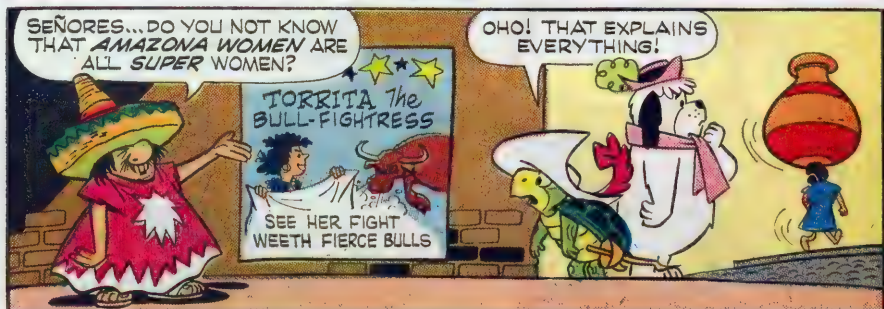
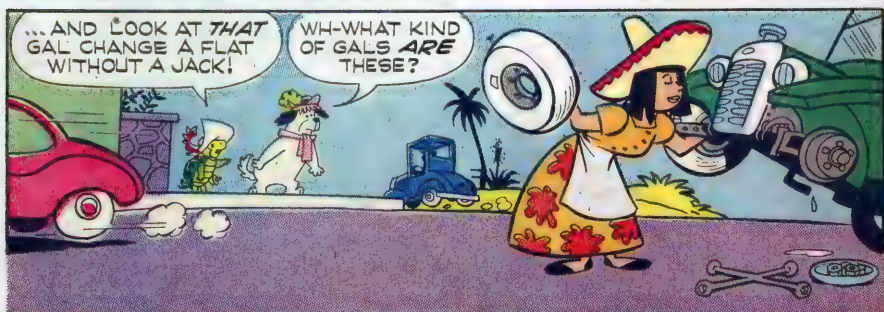
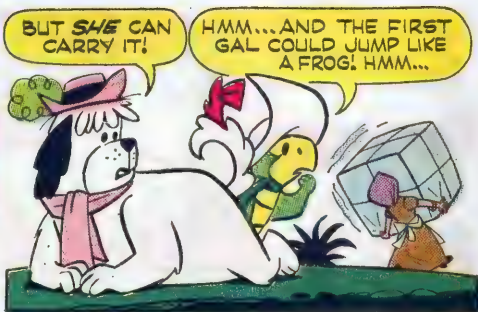
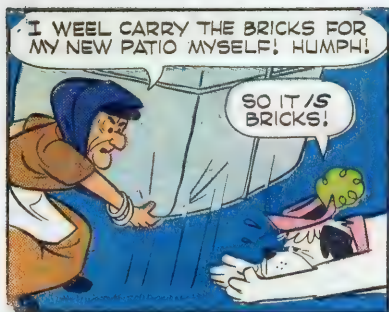


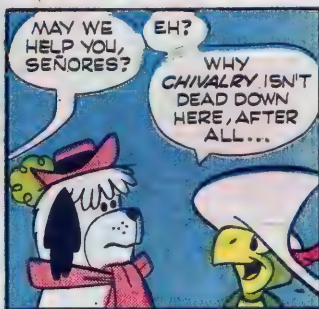
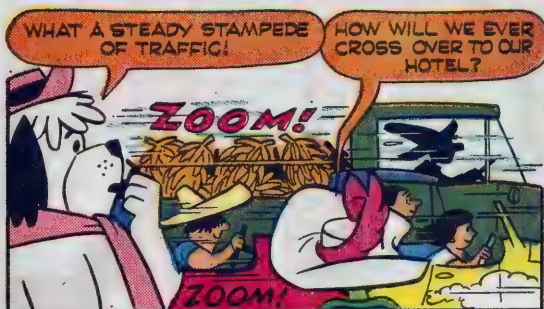
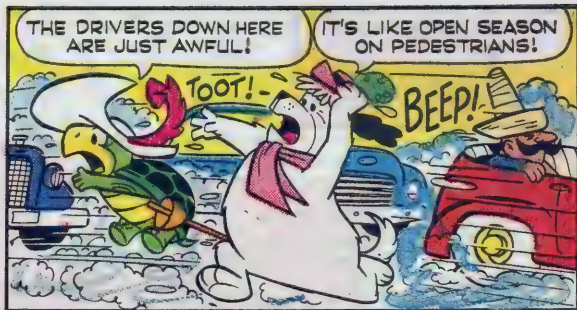
...MY RED LINDIES!

YOO-HOO! WAIT
 A MINUTE, MISS!





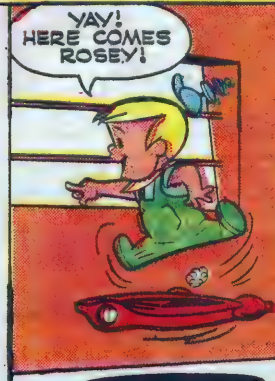




Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

ROSEY ROLLS AGAIN

YESTERDAY WAS ROSEY'S DAY-OFF...



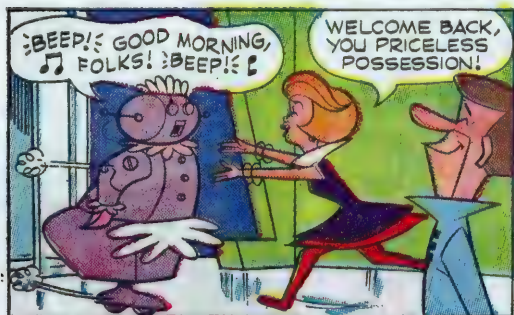
YAY!
HERE COMES
ROSEY!



THAT'S GOOD
NEWS!

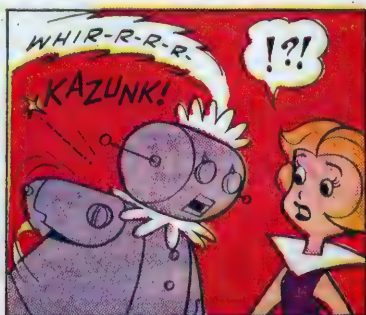


WE ALMOST
CEASE TO EXIST
WITHOUT HER!



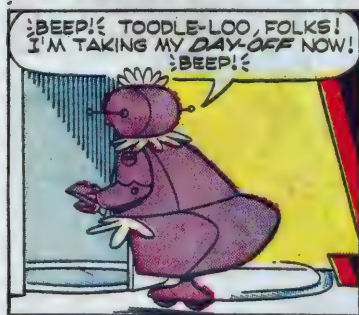
BEEP! GOOD MORNING,
FOLKS! BEEP!

WELCOME BACK,
YOU PRICELESS
POSSESSION!

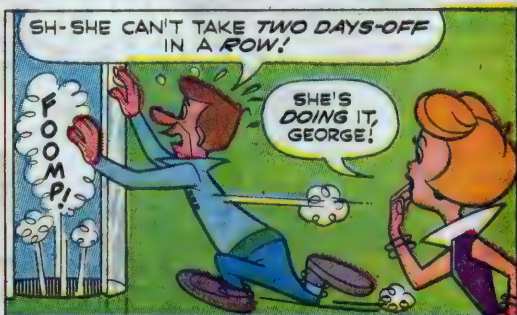


WHIR-R-R-R
KAZUNK!

!?!



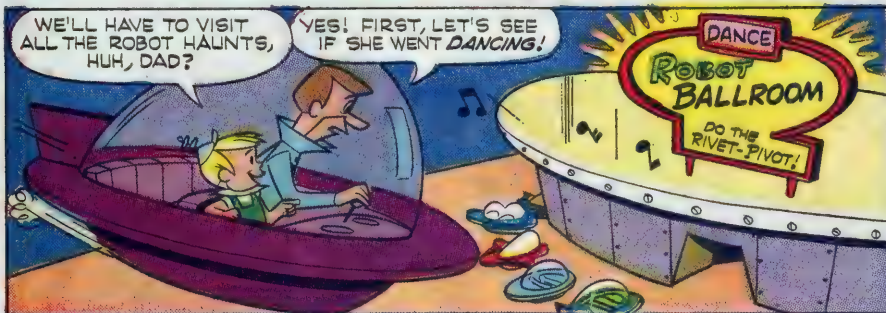
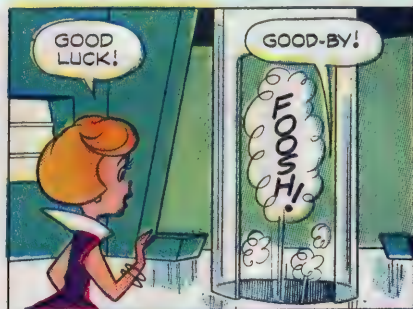
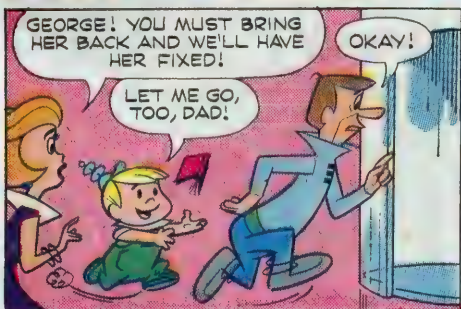
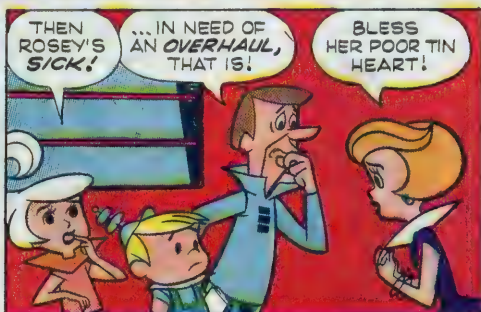
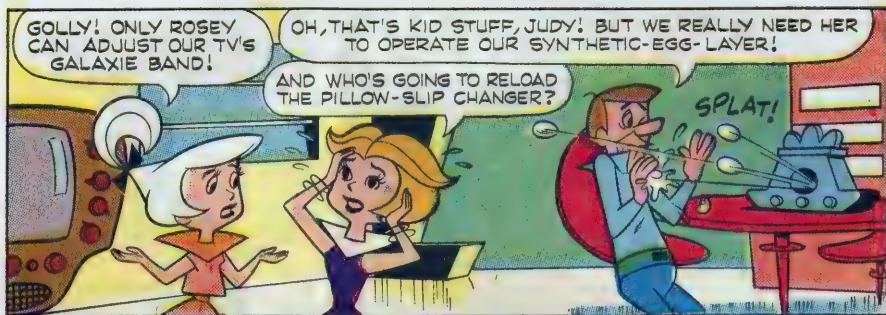
BEEP! TOODLE-LOO, FOLKS!
I'M TAKING MY DAY-OFF NOW!
BEEP!

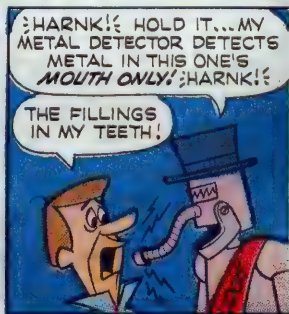
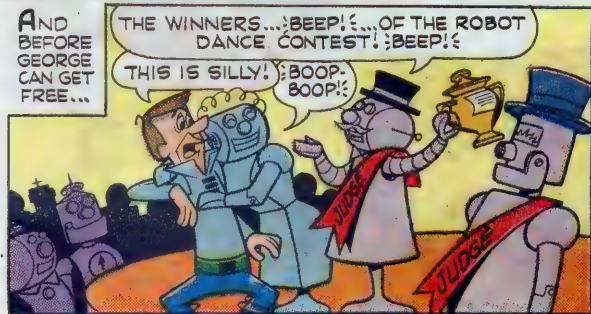
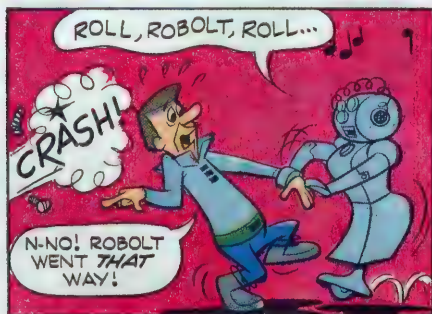
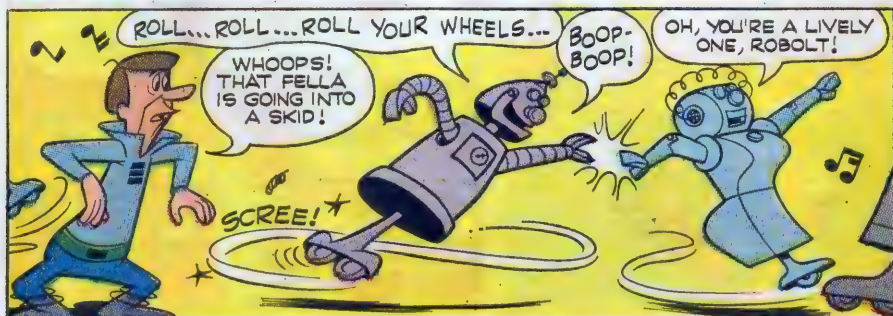
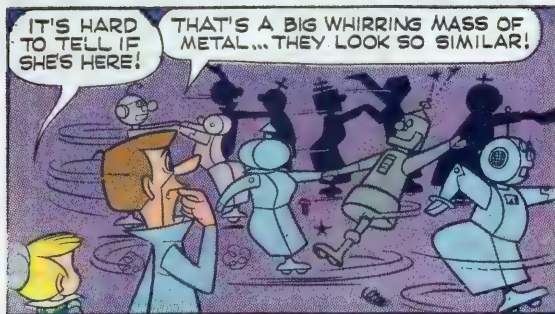


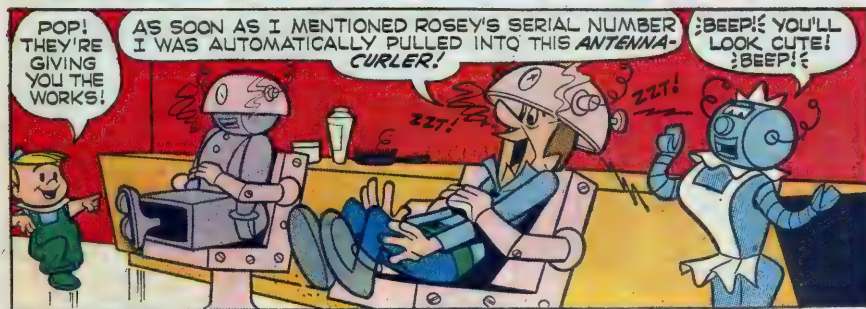
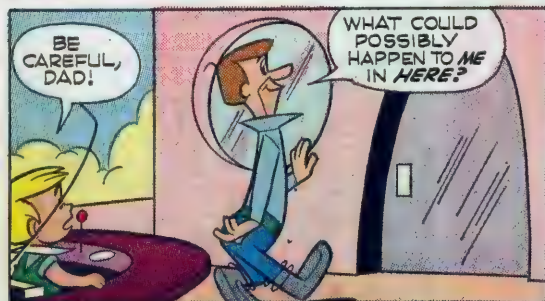
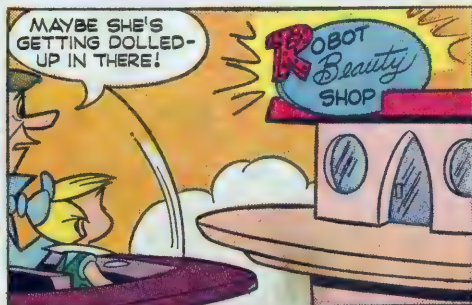
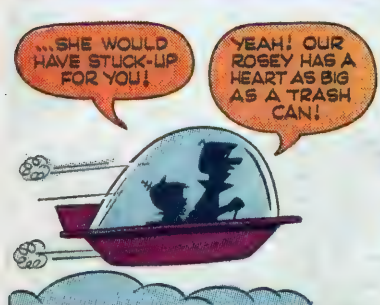
SH-SHE CAN'T TAKE TWO DAYS-OFF
IN A ROW!

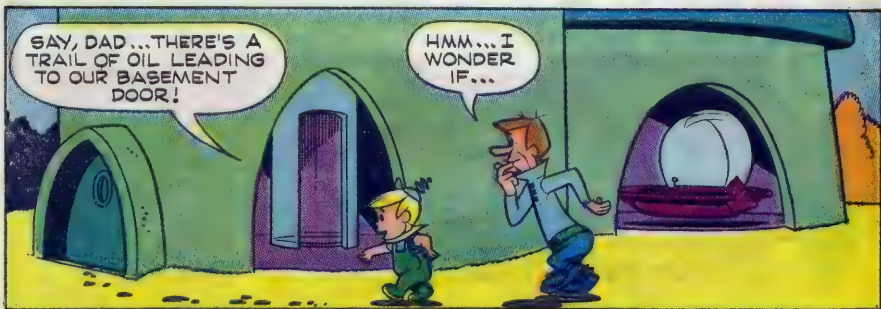
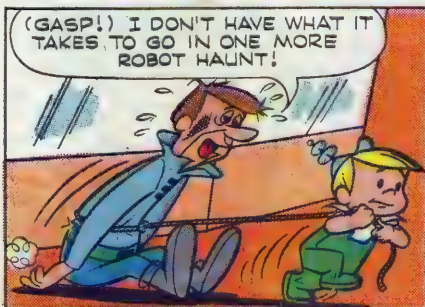
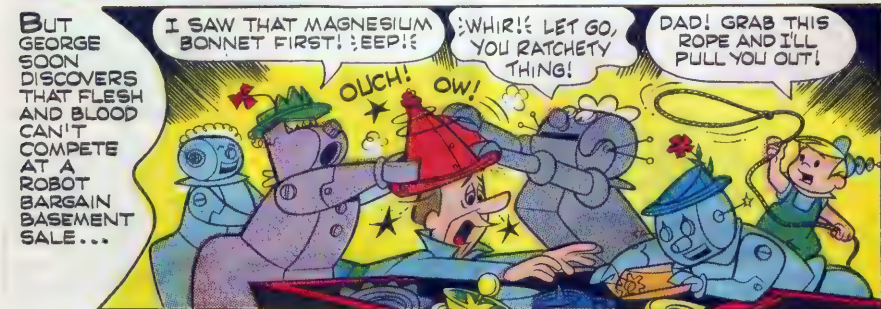
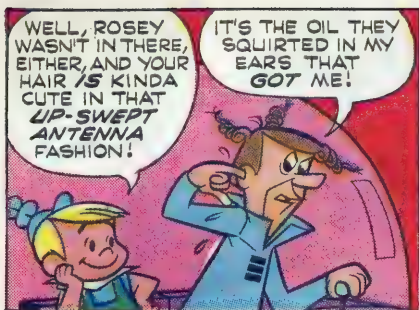
FOOMP!

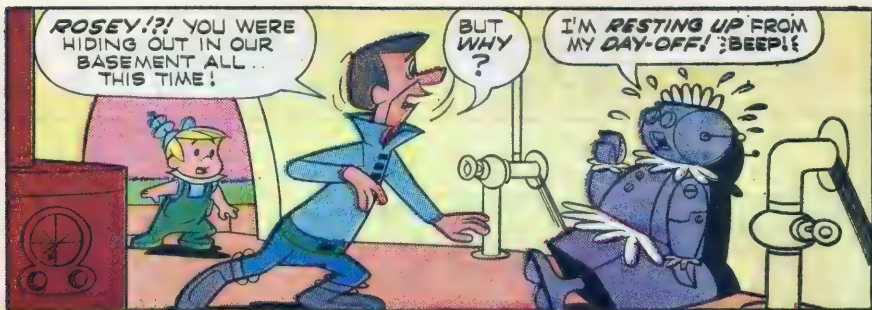
SHE'S
DOING IT,
GEORGE!



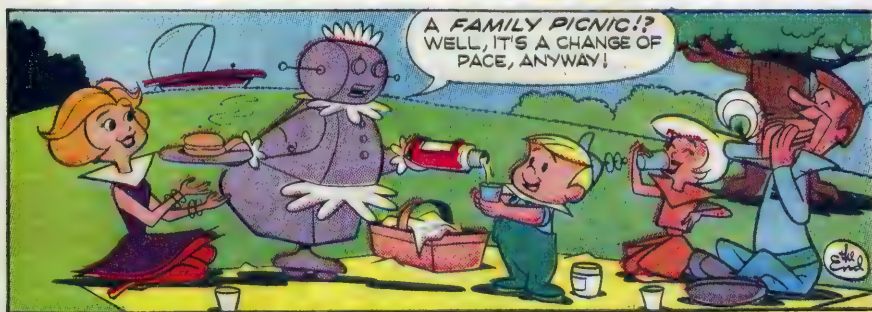
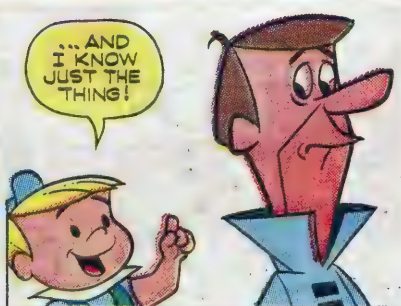
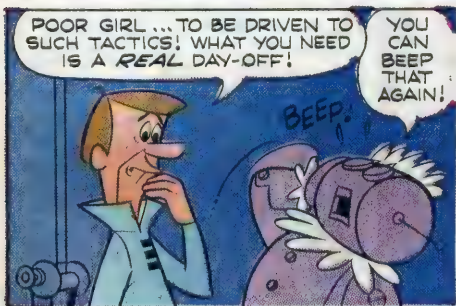
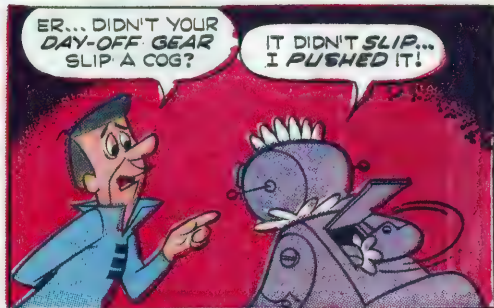
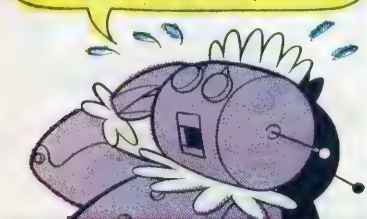








EVEN A ROBOT CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH OF THOSE ROBOT-ROLL-DANCES AND DENT-DEALING BARGAIN COUNTERS! :BEEP!:

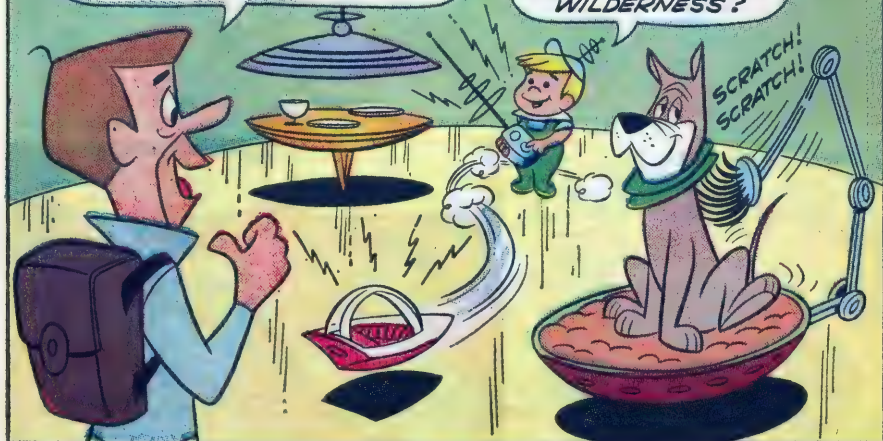


CRAMPED CAMPING

ELROY! ASTRO! C'MON...I'M
TAKING YOU TWO APARTMENT-
DWELLERS ON A **CAMPING TRIP!**

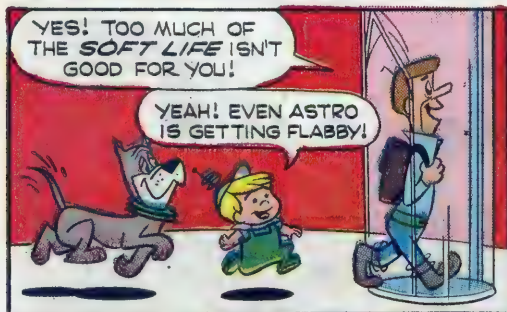
YAY! YOU MEAN WE'LL
**ROUGH IT IN THE
WILDERNESS?**

SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!



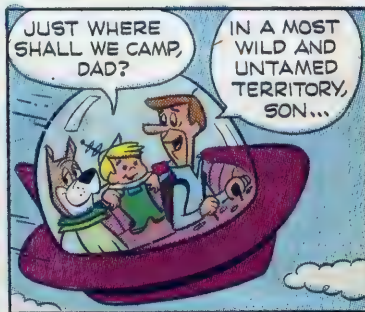
YES! TOO MUCH OF
THE **SOFT LIFE** ISN'T
GOOD FOR YOU!

YEAH! EVEN ASTRO
IS GETTING FLABBY!



JUST WHERE
SHALL WE CAMP,
DAD?

IN A MOST
WILD AND
UNTAMED
TERRITORY,
SON...



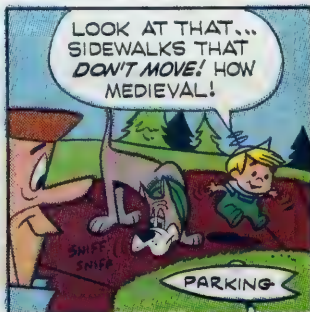
THERE IT IS...
ABOUT AS CRUDE
A PLACE AS
YOU'LL FIND!

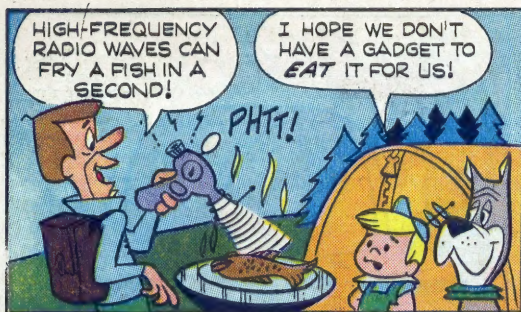
Sidewalk
NATIONAL
PARK

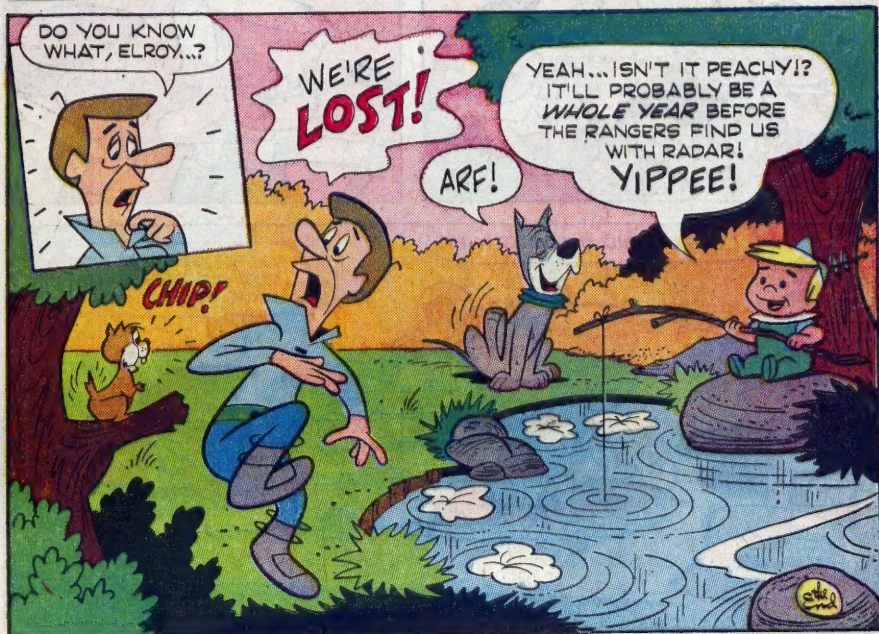
AND HOW!



LOOK AT THAT...
SIDEWALKS THAT
DON'T MOVE! HOW
MEDIEVAL!







Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

